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SONGS

IN THE

JUSTICIARY OPERA,

COMPOSED FIFTY YEARS AGO,

BY C—— M—— & B—— I. C. C.

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*Savaque* CIRCUITU.——OVID. MET.

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*Quin et Ixion*, —— *vultu*

*Risit invito*.—— HOR.

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AUCHINLECK:

PRINTED BY JAMES SUTHERLAND.

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1816.

*Arch Ball. B.*  
*III. 86.*



## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THERE are certain morose, or self-important personages, who deem jesting inadmissible frivolity, and the arrangement of whose inexorable features, is seldom discomposed, unless by a frown, or supercilious sneer. There are others, who can scarcely distinguish between playfull jocularly, and disgusting ribaldry ; or who descry, in a good humour-ed sally, the most malignant qualities, and most poisonous influence. We may venture, however, to affirm, that it is difficult to point out any great man who did not heartily love a joke ; and, we believe, that few truly good men, have thought it any imputation on their morality.

The Songs of the JUSTICIARY OPERA, were the light pastime of men who made no contemptible figure in grave pursuits. We know not if any of them were ever committed to writing ; many are lost and forgotten, and those that are here preserved are given from memory.

We anticipate no fastidious animadversions upon these *crepundia parva*. If they extort no laugh and win no smile, they are at least injurious to no one.

N. B. Those marked with an Asterisk are Interpolations.



**SONGS**  
**IN THE**  
**JUSTICIARY OPERA.**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

**CALIENDROSUS MAXIMUS**, Grand Clerk of the Scales  
and Chopping Knife, and Commander of the  
Forces.

**HYSTRIX**, Clerk of the Rounds.

**BOMBYX**, a very Great Officer.

**JOHN BLACK**, the Pannel.

**BAMBOOZLE**,  
**FLAW-FINDER**, } Orators for the Pannel.

**PEPPERTAIL**, the Horse-Couper,  
**BIZZ**, the Blacksmith,  
**PETER BROWN**, the Exciseman,  
**MATHEW MUTCHKIN**,  
**WIDOW MACKLEERIE**, } Witnesses.

**WAITER**.

Judges, Jurymen, Sherriffs, Baillies, Serjeants,  
Mob, &c. &c.

**SONGS**  
**IN THE**  
**JUSTICIARY OPERA.**

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SCENE, *An Inn.*

CALIENDROSUS MAXIMUS & HYSTRIX.

*DUET. AIR.—Saw ye my Father.*

*Cal.* SAW ye my Trumpeter?  
Or saw ye my Macer?  
Or saw ye my man John?  
*Hyst.* I have not seen your Trumpeter,  
I have not seen your Macer,  
And drunk is your man John.

*(Martial Music.)*

ENTER A WAITER.

\* *AIR.—Hey Jenny come down to Jack.*

*Waiter.* The Baillies are waitin, the Provost is come,  
Twa permanent serjeants, a fife and a drum,  
Twa Sherra's wi' swords (but they're peace-  
able men),  
And some twa three mair—and the clock's  
chappit ten.



*(A Grand Procession.)*

SCENE, *A Hall.*

ENTER CALIENDROSUS MAXIMUS, BOMBYX,  
HYSTRIX, BAMBOOZLE, FLAW-FINDER,  
MACER, JURYMEN, MOB, &c.

\* AIR.—*Fye let us a' to the weddin.*

*Hyst.* Ge-en-tlemen o' the Jury,  
Ye'll answer untill a' your names—  
Walter Balwhid o' Pitlurie.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* —Mathew Powloosie o' Kames.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* —Duncan Macwhey o' Todwiddock.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* —Jacob Bafour o' Hewbrig.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* —John Mackindo o' Glenpuddock.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* —Hew Gib in Bog o' Daljig.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* —Patrick Macrone o' Craig-gubble.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* —George Yellowlees in Cowshaw.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* —Ralph Mucklehose in Blindrubble.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* —Robert Macmurdoch in Raw.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* ———Andrew Mackissock in Shalloch.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* ———Ingram Maclure in Benbole.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* ———Gilbert Strathdee in Drummaffloch.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* ———Gabriel Tam in Dirt-hole.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* ———Lowrie Macwill o' Powmuddle.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* ———Daniel Loah o' Benskair.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* ———John Stoupie, Writer, Kirkfuddle.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* ———Baillie Bole, Shoemaker, there.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* ———Samuel Macguire in Kraig-gullion—  
If present, Sir, answer your name.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* ———Quintin Maccosh in Knockdullion.

*Jurym.* Here.

*Hyst.* Gal-lery—Si-lence—Ahem !

\* \* \* \* \*

\* AIR.—*In the Garb of old Gaul.*

*Acac.* Hem !—Si-lence.

*Cal.* Officer bring John Black to the bar.

*(The Pannel is brought in guarded, and Petitions for Banishment.)*

AIR.—*The Lee Rig.*

*Pannel.* O send me oure the lang seas  
My ain kind lordie, O ;  
O send me oure the lang seas  
My ain kind lordie, O.  
  
O send me east, or send me wast,  
Or send me south or nordie, O,  
But send me oure the lang seas  
My ain kind lordie, O.

\* AIR.—*Lass gin ye loe me tell me now.*

*Cal.* Pannel, a halter must be your end,  
The fiend, at your skirts has now his prong,  
Your days, that are number'd, in penitence spend;  
But I'll lecture you, presently, half an hour long.  
  
Mercy were folly, if lavish'd on him ;  
Robbing and thieving the gallows shall check.  
Our duty is plain we'll proceed to condemn ;  
John—you shall certainly hang by the neck.

AIR.—*We're gayly yet.*

*Pannel.* We're no guilty yet,  
We're no guilty yet,  
Although we're accused  
We're no guilty yet.  
  
Afore ye condemn  
Ye man hear us a bit,  
For although we're accus'd  
We're no guilty yet.

JUSTICIARY OPERA.

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*(Jury are chosen, and the Indictment read.)*

\* AIR.—*Grimaldi's Jig in Mother Goose.*

*Hyst.* Whereas, by the laws o' this realm,  
And o' ev'ry well governed land,  
To seize on anither man's geer,  
(As the tangs ance a Highlandman fand)

And whether the thief, he be caught  
In the fact, or be gruppit out-fang,  
The law says expressly, and wisely,  
That chiel by the thrapple shall hang.

And you John Black, there, the pannel,  
Ye robbit, assaulted and a',  
And sae, gang till an assize, Sir,  
And underlie pains o' the law.

\* AIR.—*Miss Macleod's Reel.*

*Bombyx.*

Painfull the duty is, which I must now perform,  
Stating a train of guilt uncommon and enorm-  
ous,—calling my witnesses to make the fact out plain,  
And if your verdicts guilty, my labour's not in vain.

Gentlemen, your feelings must, with justice, never jar,  
The statutes of the land condemn the pris'ner at the  
bar ;

The law most clearly indicates the gallows, as reward,  
For culprits, such as him between the soldiers of the  
guard.

John Black met Peter Brown, upon the King's highway,

With foul intent to rob, I fear intent to slay ;  
John Black, the pannel, did step up to Peter Brown,  
And with his fist, or bludgeon, did knock said Peter  
down.

Ferocious, atrocious, felonious also,  
Did *then* and *there*, with *that* or *this*, reiterate the blow ;  
Then seized Peter by the throat, to suffocate his cries,  
And most outrageously exclaim'd, " Your money  
d—— your eyes."

ENTER PETER BROWN.

\* AIR.—*The Bonniest Lass in a' the World.*

*Peter.* The pannel's a regardless loon,  
And brags that he defies man ;  
And bauldly threepit through the toun  
He'd *do* for the Exciseman.

I thought 'twas nought but silly clash,  
That sneevlin gowks wad tell me,  
Quo' I, my thum, I wanna fash,  
It's no *sic like* can fell me.

Four cadgers rade through Halkwood-slack,  
I doubted Jean Mackleerie,  
I took the road, when up cam Black,  
And dang me tapsalteerie.

He rypit, may be, for his knife,  
I thought I saw it glancin,  
He took the rue, and sav'd my life,  
Syne like a deil gaed dancin.

ENTER PEPPERTAIL.

AIR.—*Braw Lads o' Galla Water.*

*Pepper.* Comin frae the toun o' Straiven,  
On my poor mare that had the spaivin,  
I met the pannel near the Kirk o' Shotts,  
Like ony madman he was ravin.  
  
Black his hair and blue his coat ;  
Tightly he did the gauger han'le,  
The mair he shuck the fallow by the throat,  
The steadier still I ec'd the pannel.

ENTER MATHEW MUTCHKIN.

\* AIR.—*Calder Fair.*

*Mat.* As I cam hame frae Ruglin fair,  
At e'en whan it was dusky,  
I had enough—and may be mair,  
A drap our muckle whisky.  
  
I saw twa fallows yoke thegither,  
Wha they war, the taen or tither,  
I ken na mair nor Abram's mither,  
I was blin wi' whisky.

ENTER BIZZ.

\* AIR.—*Will ye gang and marry Katy.*

*Bombyn.* Pray, What is your name, friend? tell us.  
*Bizz.* Tammas Bizz.—I've blawn the bellows,  
And I've clinkit on the studdy  
Sin a wean, knee-heigh and duddy.

And the gauger, weel I ken,  
Aft he stammers butt and ben,  
Snowkin a' frae end to end,  
He's mislear'd and capernoited.

And I ken Jock Black fou weel,  
A sturdy hand at our fore-hammer;  
Bess, his wife, flytes at the chiel,  
But weel a wat I do condemn her.

Wark, ye ken yersels, brings drouth,  
Wha can thole a gaizen'd mouth,  
And gif he tak a gill, forsooth  
Queans man flyte, and fools man clatter.

Jock, I ken's an honest lad,  
Thievish pranks was ne'er his custom,  
Tho' he be sae sair misca'd,  
Wi' gowd in gowpins ye may trust him.

I hae kent him sin a bairn,  
A penny willing aye to earn,  
And tho' he's coupit i' the shearn,  
Troth I ken nought ill about him.

ENTER WIDOW MACKLEERIE.

\* AIR.—*I hae a wife o' my ain.*

*Widow Mac.* I hae a house o' my ain,  
On the road to Hamilton,  
Whisky I sell, to be plain,  
*Arran Water, or Campbleton.*  
Peter the gauger, himsel,  
Whiles comes pipple papple in,  
Puzion, frae ony big stell,  
He'll no pit his thrapple in.

Widow Mackleerie's my name,  
 Mine's a tippeny eatin house,  
 Carriers find a warm hame,  
 Mine's niest door to the meetin-house.

As for the pannel, Jock Black,  
 I'm wae to see him here awa,  
 He never wrang'd me ae plack;  
 Gude send he wun clear awa!

*(The Orators for the Pannel plead.)*

AIR.—*Deil tak the Wars.*

*Bamboozle.*

Fye on the laws that hang a man for stealing,  
 Sure such penal statutes, were savagely fram'd  
 By legislators devoid of human feeling,  
 Before divine religion mankind had tam'd.  
 Gentlemen, 'tis yours, with vigour,  
 To check the laws excessive rigour,  
 \* Yours is the power, to you the choice is giveu.  
 A father—husband—bends;  
 On you his fate depends:  
 'Tis yours to take or give,  
 To bid him die—or live!  
 Then here that mercy show, you hope from  
 Heaven.



AIR.— \* \* \* \* \*

*Flaw-finder.*

Gentlemen, now 'tis my turn to address you,  
And with much speaking I need not oppress you,  
The proof lies before you, in writing down taken,  
All I do wish is to save this man's bacon.

But as it is usual some few things to mention,  
I say, that to steal, it was not his intention,  
So be not, I pray, like the Lords in a fury,  
But bring this man off like a sensible jury.

*(Charge to the Jury.)*

\* AIR.—*Merrily dance the Quaker.*

*Cal.* If ever a case before me came  
That I could judge most clearly,  
This is a case, I'll boldly name,  
I've scrutiniz'd it nearly.  
To trace the truth through all its track,  
No witch requires, or jugglers;  
The witnesses are all a pack  
Of drunkards and of smugglers.  
The counsel for the crown, with skill,  
Extorted facts most glaring;  
Black, when prim'd, by stoup and gill,  
You see, became most daring.  
That Black put Brown in mortal fear,  
The proof is clear—*clarissima*,  
And that he rob'd, tho' not quite clear,  
*Presumptio est fortissima.*

Gentlemen, 'tis my desire,  
 To state the case precisely ;  
 'Tis you to judge, so now retire,  
 And weigh your verdict wisely.  
 The proof is strong, a verdict bring,  
 Such honest men becoming ;  
 I need not say one other thing,  
 And so I end my summing.

*(Jury are enclosed.)*

Lowrie Macwill o' Powmuddle, *Chancellor.*

John Stoupie, *Clerk.*

\* *AIR.—Ally Croaker.*

*Powmuddle.* In this case there's nae argument,  
 Nae minor, and nae major,  
 A chield had taen a glass, and had  
 A towzle wi' a gauger ;  
 That there's nae proof o' robbery,  
 To see, I think, ye canna miss,  
 Sae we the pannel man acquit,  
 No guilty, Sirs,—Unanimous,

*Demi Chorus by  
 Five Jurymen.* } Unanimous, Unanimous,

*Double Chorus by  
 Ten Jurymen.* } Unanimous, Unanimous,

*Grand Chorus by  
 the whole Fifteen.* } Sae we the pannel man acquit,  
 No guilty, Sirs,—Unanimous.

*(The Verdict is returned, Calindrosus Manimus reads—in a passion.)*

AIR.—*Up and down frisky and fire away Pat.*

*Calindrosus.*

A plague o' such juries, they make such a pothor,  
And thus, by their folly, let pannels go free;  
And still on some silly pretext or another,  
Nothing is left for your Lordships and me.

Our duty, believe us,  
Was not quite so grievous,  
While yet we had hopes for to hang'em up all;  
But now they're acquitted,  
O how we're out-witted,  
We've sat eighteen hours here for nothing at all.

*Chorus by the whole Bench.*

Tol de rol, lol de rol, tol de rol, lol de rol,  
Tol de rol, lol de rol, tol de rol, lol,  
But now they're acquitted, &c.

*(Mob without Huzza.)*

FINIS.

























































